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*BY JAMES HILTON*

AND NOW GOOD-BYE

ILL WIND

(*Published in England as* CONTANGO)

LOST HORIZON

WITHOUT ARMOR

GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS

WE ARE NOT ALONE

RANDOM HARVEST

THE STORY OF DR. WASSELL

SO WELL REMEMBERED

NOTHING SO STRANGE

MORNING JOURNEY

TIME AND TIME AGAIN

H.R.H. THE STORY OF PHILIP,

DUKE OF EDINBURGH

H. R. H.  
The Story of Philip,  
Duke of Edinburgh



*Brown Brothers*

*H.R.H. Philip, Duke of Edinburgh*



H. R. H.  
The Story of Philip,  
Duke of Edinburgh

by  
JAMES HILTON



WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

*An Atlantic Monthly Press Book*

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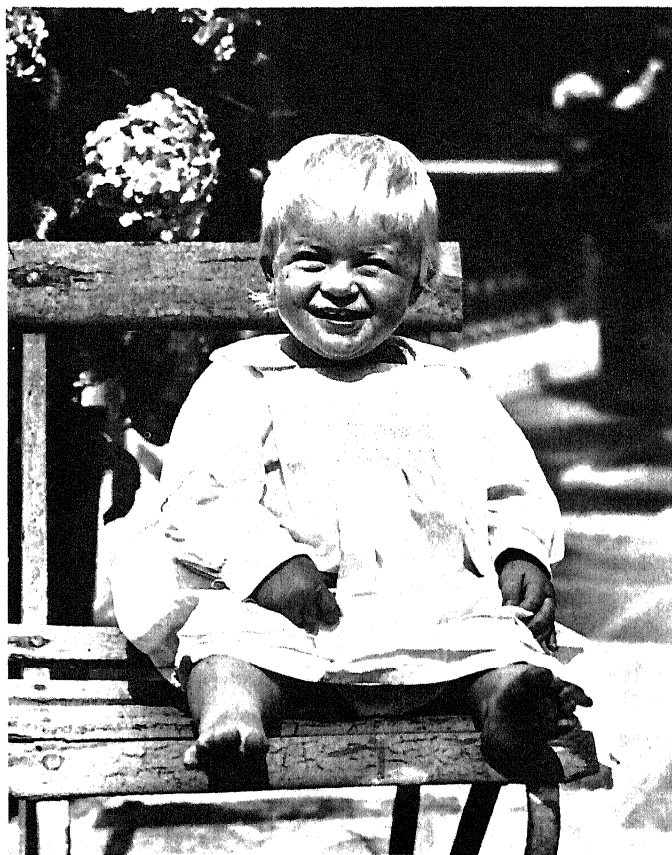
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# PART I



*Philip as a baby, 1922*

THIRTY-THREE years ago King Alexander of Greece was bitten by a pet monkey in the garden of the royal palace. The injury festered, blood poisoning set in, and after three weeks' illness the king died. Never, perhaps, has the role of sheer chance in history been more dramatically revealed. For the king's death led directly to the downfall of the great Greek statesman Venizelos, the recall of King Constantine from exile, the disastrous defeat of Greek armies in Asia Minor, and the appearance of modern Turkey as the first of the defeated powers of World War One to stage a comeback. Winston Churchill did not exaggerate when he wrote, "A quarter of a million persons died of this monkey's bite."

It had other results — some less tragic, just as important, and — at long range — even more fantastically unpredictable. For instance . . . the Greek army's defeat was followed by the arrest of many high personages held to have been responsible, and among these scapegoats was King Constantine's brother, Prince Andrew. Andrew was faced with trial by revolutionaries and might well have been

shot but for the intervention of the British Government, which sent a ship of the Royal Navy to Greek waters. On this ship, the cruiser *Calypso*, Andrew sailed into exile with his family. And the youngest member of that family was a year-old boy named Philip.

It would have been hard at that time (1922) to think of any royal child whose future looked more doubtful. Europe was full of highborn exiles, slipping down the scale from *hôtel de luxe* to modest *pension*, some of them sinking into desperate gentility, others



*Philip's parents, Prince Andrew and Princess Alice*

boldly jumping the social fence to take jobs as taxi drivers in Paris or salesladies in London's Bond Street. War and revolution had upset the basic scheme of things in which European blue blood had long flourished, and the initials D.P., had they meant anything then, might well have stood for "depressed prince." Except that they had escaped with their lives, the Greek family on board H.M.S. *Calypso* had enough to be depressed about, and of baby Philip perhaps the happiest thing to be said was that he was too young to know what was happening or what poor equipment he had for the occupational struggle of being a prince.

Yet thirty-two years later this boy, grown to manhood rode through the streets of London with his wife, Queen Elizabeth, at his side. It was a homecoming welcome for the royal couple after their tour of the British Empire — an empire neither so large nor so powerful as when the *Calypso* had performed its rescue mission, but a world-wide political arrangement whose functions were, if anything, more important than ever. For that matter, London was different too — the streets through which the procession passed had many gaps made by German bombs in a more recent world war. But there were a few things that looked much the same. Policemen held to their tradition of being polite and unarmed, redcoats with their tall black bearskins could still put on a stylized

precision show, while the high-prancing cavalry, completely outmoded in war, were happily symbolical of what the English were optimistic enough to call peace.

I stood amongst that crowd of Londoners in the Mall and watched Philip and his queen ride by. They bowed and smiled, as royalty must, and Londoners cheered in a way free citizens need not do unless they want. English newspapers, which always pile on the adjectives about royal doings, gave an impression that the crowd was hysterical with joy. Nothing of the kind. The crowd was just good-humored, good-tempered, thoroughly pleased with itself and the occasion, full of a spirit of holiday good will. A Cockney near me noted that it was beginning to rain, and that the queen always brought the rain. He said it contentedly, almost affectionately, as if it made her more English. I asked him, "What d'you think of Philip?" and he answered judicially, "Well, e's certainly a an'some chap, you can't deny that." (He was the sort of fellow who might have said, "Not bad," when Bannister ran the four-minute mile.)

As for crowd hysteria, the only signs of it I noticed came from a group of girls on whom Philip was having the same sort of effect as Gregory Peck might have had. For the most part, Londoners, who are used to street processions anyway, behaved with the genial understanding that is as much a part of British tradi-



tion as the black bearskins and the sound of Big Ben echoing across St. James's Park. Which was perhaps as it should be — no ticker-tape furor, but the sort of tweedy, hard-wearing glad-to-see-you that, one felt, similar London crowds are prepared to go on giving Elizabeth and Philip for the next half century or so, if everybody lives long enough.

All of which sets up for even greater astonishment the question: How did this handsome young man, born sixth in line to the shakiest throne in Europe, arrive at the position which (among royalty, anyhow) must now be regarded as the securest? How did he — born a Greek citizen and with many close relatives who had not (to say the least) been accepted by a people who are, where foreigners are concerned, hard to satisfy and even harder still to charm?

Surely this makes a notable achievement.

It is also, I found, an achievement in process of being forgotten. Only from newspaper files can one jog one's memory with the facts — that as recently as 1947, forty per cent of voters in a newspaper poll were against the then rumored engagement of Princess Elizabeth and the handsome Philip. Some of this opposition was doubtless political; little of it could have been due to any personal feeling against Philip himself. Most was probably based on a vague feeling that England's future queen should marry an Englishman. But these vague feelings are the hardest of all

to change; in the case of Albert, consort of Queen Victoria and a thoroughly excellent fellow, they never *were* changed.

The English have a streak of emotional isolationism running through them from centuries back; they may accept the "one world" theory in many of its applications, but when it comes to an assessment of royalty, they are confident that their own is of special quality. More even than that, they are apt to feel that one of their own vintage families makes a better match for an English monarch than even the most illustrious name in the *Almanach de Gotha*; so that when the Duke of York, later George VI, married Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon (of ancient but nonroyal family), everyone was well content.

For the English are not as snobbish as they are caricatured to be. They thoroughly enjoyed the corny jokes about the late Queen Mary's hats, and they see no disrespect in referring to Buckingham Palace off-handedly as "Buck House." While I was watching the procession in the Mall, the crowd amiably booed a detachment of royal troops that took up positions that spoiled their view; it was a natural human reaction of people who are not particularly mad at anybody, or afraid of anybody either. There is, indeed, a good deal of democratic ribaldry in the way the English feel about titles, high society, gold-braided uniforms, and such like; they have a robust suspicion

of too much "smartness," whether political or social, and one could guess that the royal family has made itself popular in modern England by being domestically middle class rather than aristocratic in most of its behavior.

Anyhow, all this makes Philip's conquest of England remarkable. How did it happen? What were the special circumstances of history that paved the way? What qualities of personality and character stood the youth in such good stead? And (for of course this is a factor in all Cinderella stories) what brought all the luck?

One should add that it looks as if it is England's luck as well as Philip's.

But to come back to the baby on board the *Calypso*. Who, exactly, *was* he?

His name was Philip Gluecksburg (Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Gluecksburg, to be accurate and perhaps superfluous). His great-great-grandmother was Queen Victoria of England; his great-great-grandfather was King Christian IX of Denmark. How the Danish royal house supplied Greece with a ready-made king makes a small but curious footnote to the history of Europe during the last century. It was a period when international royalty was a tight cartel, interlocking across frontiers, and exercising strong political and social influence from the Urals to the

Atlantic. This Danish royal house, which also gave a queen (Alexandra) to England, was less fortunate in Greece, for the king they sent there (George I) was, after a long reign, assassinated in 1913, amidst a series of bitter wars which ravaged the Balkans almost continuously for a decade.

There was nothing in all this history to ensure a happy inheritance for George I's grandson, the baby Philip, or to make him grow up glad to have been born a Greek citizen. (Proud, possibly, but not glad.) Anyhow, from that moment of being carried aboard the *Calypso*, he never set foot on Greek soil again till he was grown up, and then only for a short visit; he never learned to speak Greek; and in fact, except for the technicality of a birthplace, he was no more Greek than, say, Olivia de Haviland (born in Tokyo) is Japanese. And if you want to add irony to incongruity, the house in which he was born (on the Greek island of Corfu) was called, like thousands of suburban villas all over the world, "*Mon Repos*"!

It did not look as if much "*repos*" lay in Philip's future, but at least, as an exile, he might grow up without need of a barbed-wire fence round his nursery, and the *Calypso* did indeed take the family into safer surroundings. A small house on the outskirts of Paris — that Mecca of exiles — became their first settlement. For a time Princess Alice, his mother, ran an art shop in the city, for the family had escaped

with very little of their wealth. Of course they were not poor by the standards of the everyday world; they lived in comfort, could afford a maid and a governess for Philip and his four sisters; they had friends, some of them other royal exiles, many of them partisans of lost royalist causes up and down the world. Short of starvation, material prosperity is a relative thing, and for a youngster it does not matter much anyway; but at a fairly early date an intelligent child comes to smell what is in the air, and the smell of exile, with its alternation of wild hopes and grim disillusion, is far from exhilarating.

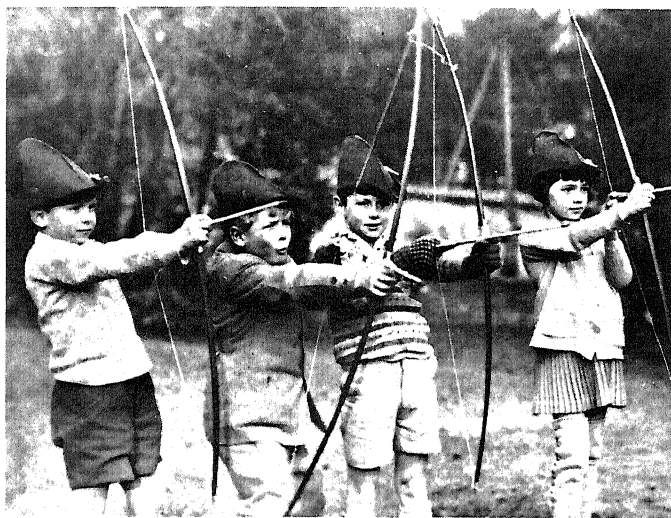
There is a simple anecdote to illustrate what exile can do. Queen Victoria and the Empress Eugénie of France were once attending the opera together. They stood up in the royal box to acknowledge the cheers of the audience, then sat down again. But Eugénie, an exile for decades, looked round first to see if the chair was still there; Victoria sat down without looking.

It could not be said that Philip was unhappy as a child. Much later he said he had never had a "home" till he was a married man in London, but perhaps this was hindsight, too rational though not embittered. One gets the impression of a very normal, healthy, alert-minded boy over whom family problems (and there were many) washed continuously but without much effect. He spent many summers with Greek

friends who had a seaside villa at Berck-Plage in Normandy; one of them recalls that she once introduced the boy to a stranger as "Prince Philip, grandson of the King of Greece" — whereupon Philip stormed off muttering, "I'm just Philip — just Philip, that's all." It sounds like the robust and likable reaction of a four-year-old to his first taste of social ritual.

Doubtless during these years an important influence was the children's governess, an Englishwoman named Miss Roose. Since she served the family for over two decades, she could well have belonged to that noble sorority immortalized in *The King and I*. Like missionaries of the faith, English governesses have done their job all over the world, sharing prestige and exile with their charges, and (in part unconsciously) spreading English ideas, English prejudices, and a liking for cups of tea at all times of the day. While friends of the family were training the boy not to grin when addressed as "Your Royal Highness," Miss Roose was teaching him English nursery rhymes like "Ride a Cockhorse to Banbury Cross" and "Billy Boy." And she dressed him in a white sailor suit with, doubtless, the name of some ship on the cap. One can guess that if Miss Roose had her way (and she had a way of having her way) it was H.M.S. Something-or-other . . . a pleasing link between the *Calypso* and the future.

The cockhorse to Banbury Cross was only one of



*Wide World Photos*

*Philip, second from left, at the MacJannet American School in St. Cloud, France*

the animals Philip was interested in. There was a black and brown mongrel dog named Pompom, and there were the friendly beasts on the farm where he spent holidays. Once after watching the farmer at work he remarked seriously, "Perhaps a cow doesn't like to give milk. So it might be a good idea to take her mind off the milking. Why not feed her at the same time? She would be so happy eating she wouldn't worry about the milking, and she'd then let you take as much as you liked." One has heard far worse ideas from adult psychologists. Anyhow, the

story does illustrate a streak of ingenuity in Philip's make-up, and one which seems to have persisted, for a portrait painter to whom Philip sat recently told me that one of the first things his royal visior did was to examine the mechanism of the easel and suggest an improvement for raising and lowering the canvas.

Happy days at Berck-Plage, and on the warmer beaches of the Riviera. But it was soon time for school. At seven Philip was enrolled in an American kindergarten at St. Cloud, a Paris suburb. (One of his schoolmates was Wellington Koo, son of the well-known Chinese diplomat.) Philip stayed at this school just about long enough to become a monitor and to learn how to handle a baseball bat. He was already showing a love for and a proficiency in all kinds of sports. A typical extrovert, in fact — which was just as well in view of what happened a year or so later. For then the exiled family broke up and were never again to be united. Philip's mother fell ill and went to Germany for treatment; his father drifted off to Monte Carlo; and the four sisters, of age for early matrimony, were soon to find husbands in the ranks of the German princelings.

So what to do with young Philip?

Here we come to another of his valuable assets — indeed, one so helpful in any small boy's life that it has become a stock figure in the mythology of childhood — the rich uncle.



Philip's rich uncle was his mother's brother, Lord Louis Mountbatten. The name is so well known in modern history that it deserves a little probe into the past. The Mountbattens had changed their name from Battenberg (which was too German to be popular in England during the First World War), and the Anglicized branch of this ancient German family had made further history when Lord Louis married the granddaughter of Sir Ernest Cassel. Cassel was a German-Jewish banker who financed Edward VII's extravagances and died in 1921 worth fifty million dollars. Thus equipped, the Mountbatten star rose high in the English firmament, and Lord Louis (called "Dickie" by his intimates) was certainly well qualified to keep it glittering. Professionally ambitious, personally attractive, with a full measure of brains and charm of his own, he was every boy's dream of what a rich uncle should be.

Obviously, no family could have risen so fast to such power and influence without making enemies, and it is true enough that Lord Louis, during a lifetime of public service, has become as much a controversial as a popular figure in English life. Personages as unlike each other as Sir Winston Churchill and "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell have found him at times hard to take; and his place in history as the *last* viceroy of India strikes a melancholy note for many Englishmen.

When, however, the comment is made (less often



*Wide World Photos*

*A signed photo of Philip on his ninth birthday, in  
Greek dress*

now than formerly) that he was the “kingmaker” who steered young Philip’s path from the decks of the *Calypso* to the castle of Windsor, this at least must be remembered; that at the time he first became a guiding influence in the boy’s life it was almost beyond rational forecasting that events could turn out as they later did. For the two dynastic events that brought Elizabeth to the throne (Edward VIII’s abdication and the premature death of George VI without male heir) were both at that time equally unlikely and unpredictable.

Far more plausible is the simple theory that Lord Louis, who had no sons of his own, took a fancy to Philip (which wouldn’t be hard) and decided — emotionally though not legally — to “adopt” him. This has been the relationship between rich uncles and likable nephews since time began.

So Philip came to England, lived a good deal at the Mountbatten houses, and did mostly what came naturally to him — which included playing all kinds of games and quickly forgetting the French language as spoken by small boys in France. Under Mountbatten sponsorship he went to a prep school in Surrey, where he began to learn French as spoken by English schoolboys, and even won a prize for it. During holidays he must also have picked up a good deal of social know-how from his illustrious uncle, as well as that love of the sea which was in the Mountbatten

blood. No wonder the Mountbattens grew increasingly pleased with him, for he was promising to be exceptionally good-looking, with very blond hair and Viking features — clearly a find in the restricted world of European royalty.

This was the year 1932, when two new names — Roosevelt and Hitler — were at the front of the world's stage. Another name, that of a future queen of England, was being prettified to "Lilibet" in the English newspapers; it belonged to a small girl of six. It is possible that Philip, aged eleven, met his future wife at one or at several children's parties during those school holidays, and it is equally possible that they took no notice of each other at all. Certainly neither can remember such a meeting or can deny it may have happened.

Time now for another sharp turn in Philip's life and development. Had he been an English boy of aristocratic or upper-class family, his route march to manhood would have been fairly well charted in advance — an English "public" (i.e., private boarding) school, such as Eton or Harrow, then three years at either Oxford or Cambridge University. But Philip, though rapidly becoming Anglicized, was not English, and the Mountbattens, though English by adoption, had too much in their European background to accept without question everything that was insular.

Moreover, it happened that Philip's elder sister

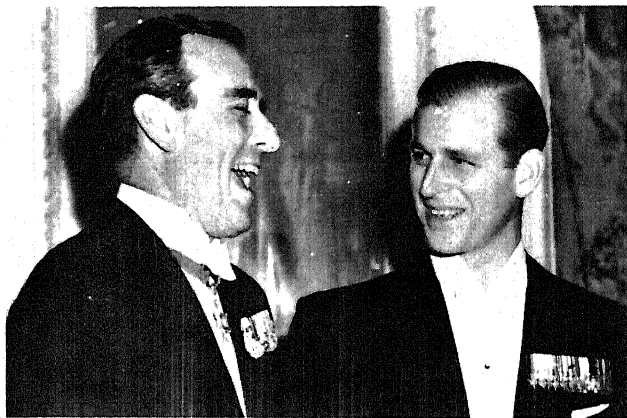


*Black Star Pictures*

*Philip at fifteen, at Gordonstoun*

Theodora had recently married Berthold of Baden, a high-minded German prince who was much concerned with problems of education. In this field Berthold had been deeply impressed by the ideas of a remarkable German schoolmaster named Kurt Hahn. As far back as 1918 the Baden castle on the shores of Lake Constance had been put at Hahn's disposal, and the result, after more than a decade, had become a school not quite like any other in the world. It was to be Philip's school during his most impressionable years, and in any story of Philip's life one must circle and capitalize Hahn's name in the list that begins:

Roose  
Mountbatten  
HAHN



*Acme Photo*

*Philip and his uncle, Earl Mountbatten, in 1948*

# PART II



*Black Star Pictures*

*At Rome Polo Club*



KURT HAHN was (and happily still is) among the rarer spiritual influences that historians of this century may remember when the dust has settled and when many "bigger" names have been forgotten. Like such men as Albert Schweitzer and Karl Barth, Hahn was passionately aware of the sickness of modern society and of its need of regeneration through the development of the individual character. Without fanfare or headline hunting he had dedicated himself to molding the early lives of those who might be expected in later life to mold the lives of others. This has sometimes been called a training for leadership, but more accurately it is a training for service. "The individual becomes a cripple," Hahn wrote, "if he is not qualified by education to serve the community." That Hahn should have been a schoolmaster, therefore, and that Philip should have become one of his pupils, is important enough to look like some kind of destiny.

What, in practice, did Hahn's teaching methods offer that was different? He always claimed that he was not an innovator — merely one who breathed new life into old traditions; but perhaps this only

makes him the most valuable innovator of all. Certainly the pupils of Salem School, as the old Baden castle was renamed, grew up on a new kind of educational diet. The old-fashioned gulf between "games" and "schoolwork" was replaced by a unified pattern in which book learning and outdoor activities formed a single stream of effort. The Salem boys lived a hard, healthy life. They climbed mountains, sailed boats, learned crafts of hand as well as brain. Prowess in games and success in examinations were not discouraged, but they were not, either together or separately, regarded as sufficient. Education, as Hahn saw it, was more than merely winning a competitive battle — indeed, perhaps the most striking example of the Hahn method was that a boy was never matched against another boy, in work or play, but when he had done something specially good, the person he was then set to excel was *himself*.

Such a system, humanistic as well as Spartan, can only be finally tested by results. One of them I came across recently in London. An English father told me, "When my son began at Hahn's school, he was terribly shy and nervous, hated all games, and was inclined to be self-centered. Now, after a couple of terms, he still dislikes games, but he enjoys swimming and hiking; and though he's still shy, his self-centeredness seems to have changed to a sort of self-reliance."

Another and more crucial test was provided by

history. Shortly after Hitler came into power in Germany the Nazis took a look at Salem and decided they could incorporate it into their scheme of things if Hahn would make a few changes. He refused. Since he was also partly Jewish, they arrested and jailed him. By the time he was released Salem had passed out of his control. To anyone less indomitable it might have seemed the end of a lifework.

Actually it was the beginning of a new lifework. Hahn had many friends in England, and he himself had spent years at Oxford. There was also much in the English public-school system that he admired. When it was suggested that he re-create his school across the Channel and transplant his ideas into a freer soil, he gladly accepted the challenge and began looking around for a suitable location. Some of his pupils planned to accompany him, and young Philip, then aged thirteen, was among them. It was just as well, for the boy had already shown a reaction to Nazi ways which would soon have made him unpopular in Germany. He had begun to laugh at the wrong moments — such as, for instance, when people gave the Hitler salute.

Thus it came about that this new kind of student prince, Greek by accident of birth, Danish by blood, Parisian during early childhood, Anglicized by later upbringing, followed his German schoolmaster to Scotland when the tide of history turned. No wonder

that the motto Hahn chose for his new school, when he found a building for it, was "Live always as though you were about to make a journey."

That last journey out of Germany, in 1934, was for Philip a real farewell to a part of his life. His sisters, for better or worse, had made themselves German by marriage, and in the world war that even in those days was beginning to seem inevitable it was equally inevitable that Philip and they would be on different sides. Thenceforward the family cleavage deepened into the sort of tragedy that most of us are spared. We may as well complete here the sad roster. Of Philip's German brothers-in-law three fought in the German Army and one was killed. Sister Cecile and her husband were victims of an airplane accident in 1937, and Philip's mother returned to Greece to seek peace of mind in a nunnery. His father, Prince Andrew, died eventually in 1944.

One can truly say that even if, as a boy, Philip had ever known much domestic happiness, it could not have lasted for long, and that perhaps, in view of what was in store, it was fortunate that his family ties were not closer.

Hahn's school in Scotland was set up at Gordons-toun, in Morayshire, where the heather hills slope down to level land and the North Sea. In a fine but battered old seventeenth-century mansion a handful

of English and German boys formed the first classes. Hahn had lost all his money in Germany, and despite growing fame and a few faithful friends (Lord Tweedsmuir, better known as John Buchan the writer, was one), the school at the outset lived financially from hand to mouth. It was a hard struggle, but the atmosphere of effort and challenge was one that suited Hahn's ideas better than the fat-cat sleekness of a rich endowment.

One challenge lay right at the school's door: the sea. This alone made Gordonstoun more than a second Salem; it also gave Gordonstoun an edge over most other British schools. Indeed, considering that Britain is an island and that the country's fortunes have long been linked with seafaring, it seems odd that so few of its great schools have been built on the coast or have realized the possibilities of sea training as part of education. Hahn was determined that Gordonstoun should, and the first thing he did was to plan the school as an integral part of the fishing and sea-going community that lay around it. The boys became almost amphibian — swimming, diving, sailing, sculling, accompanying the local fishermen on overnight trips, exploring every local bay and cove. They became official coast guards and did valuable work during winter storms. All this suited Philip, who had acquired the Mountbatten sea fever on top of his own enthusiasm for sports.

But it was not all sea and games. One of Hahn's pet notions was that "no intellectual life worthy of the name can be expected to develop if there is no opportunity and no desire to be alone." Philip used up part of his leisure time in ways that later enabled him to say, "I had the opportunity of wandering over the hills of Scotland and finding moments of solitude and reflection invaluable to any man who is trying to keep a balanced outlook in the midst of the furious activity of modern life." If this does not sound much like him, we may imagine, for contrast, what he said when local fishermen referred to him as "the Greek laddie." Though by now becoming more English every day, he doubtless had a word for it.

These years at Gordonstoun were happy ones for Philip. He rose to be head of the school, as well as captain of the cricket and hockey teams. He also represented Gordonstoun in the Scottish Schools athletic championships. He loved the rigorous routine, which included (winter and summer, and Scottish winters can be grim) two cold showers a day as well as a hike before breakfast. He was given no favors — not only would that have been contrary to the entire Hahn system, but he was not yet a person of any special importance. He was just an exceptionally attractive youngster who, with his family

connections, could show himself at stylish London parties and be welcomed at the great houses which, in those days, the British aristocracy could still afford to keep up. It was doubtless a great surprise to some that, instead of following the easy road to international playboyhood, he had already decided on a career in the British Navy.

Perhaps this was what made many people first take Gordonstoun seriously, since it was Hahn who had sized up and brought out Philip's capabilities. Hahn's confidential report, delivered later to the naval authorities, put the matter with headmasterly shrewdness: "He is a born leader, but he will need the exacting demands of a great service to do justice to himself. His best is outstanding. His second best is not good enough."

Clearly the Navy could be that great service.

Meanwhile destiny was at work in less arduous directions. It was at the coronation of George VI in 1937 that Philip and the Princess Elizabeth first *remember* meeting each other. He was sixteen then, and she was eleven. It could not have been hard for her to hero-worship the handsome six-footer who, off duty, could relax as energetically as he could work. To her he would certainly seem a novel type, for there was little of the conventional English pattern in what had happened to him. Actually, in the

kind of world that was shaping up during those darkening years of the late thirties, Philip's experiences (exile, family separations, homelessness, wanderings from country to country) were far more in line with the affairs of multitudes than with the sheltered life of a princess in Buckingham Palace.

Yet he was, undoubtedly, becoming "English," whatever that word can mean to those who use it when they cannot think of any other. Not only was he looking forward to acquiring British citizenship as soon as this was legally possible, but he was so much better looking than the average island youth that the English could flatter themselves by calling him "typically English."

Philip entered the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth (the British Annapolis) in 1939. He was sixteenth in general average among thirty-four candidates. He started with some practical knowledge of navigation and seamanship — Gordonstoun's good gift to all its alumni; he had also attributes of the happy extrovert that fitted easily with the camaraderie of the wardrooms.

Still, though, there were problems. The Navy does not take easily to teacher's pets, and Philip's pipeline to "Buck House" and to the high gods of the Admiralty did not particularly help his day-to-day relationships. For the first time he discovered that exalted



connections can complicate as well as ease the shaping of a career, and when the Admiralty issued a rather stuffy order that senior officers should call him Prince Philip, he could not have felt they were helping him much. Then there were the visits of the king and queen to Dartmouth and the inevitable invitations to parties on board the royal yacht. At some of them he met the princess again. Philip enjoyed these occasions, but they certainly put him in a spotlight. It speaks well for his general likability that he managed to live down this sort of thing and win the personal regard, for his own sake, of his fellow cadets. In the end he carried off the King's Dirk as the best cadet of his term and another prize as the best of his year. These at least (as his rivals would be first to concede) were beyond the reach of favor.

The Mountbattens tried hard not to spoil their protégé during his Dartmouth days. His allowance was only moderate, so that he was not put above the democratic pleasure of beer in pubs and fish and chips in water-front restaurants. In all he was far luckier than the average run of princes, who are usually thrown direct from nursery and private tutor into the world of caviar and champagne. Since the caviar and champagne world was due to end in September 1939, it was just as well that Philip never explored it except with the naïve enthusiasm of a visiting fireman.

September 1939 came, and with it the blowup of an age. The following year saw Dunkirk and the blitz; it also saw Philip, a midshipman, serving on board H.M.S. *Valiant* in the Mediterranean. Whether the Lords of the Admiralty were still concerned with what senior officers called him is not recorded, but it is very likely that most men on the *Valiant*, including Philip himself, had other things on their minds most of the time.

Years later, when the war was over and Philip was giving a course of instruction to petty officers at a British naval station, he defined discipline as "the force which causes a man to play the part required of him in the organization to which he belongs." That was not only Hahn speaking, but the voice of Philip's own experience. Throughout the six years of war he did just that: he played the part required of him. It contained danger and hardship. He fought in the Battle of Matapan, in which the Italian Navy was almost completely crippled and which, he said, truly enough, was "as near murder as anything can be in wartime." He came through all this without a scratch. His brother-in-law, Prince Christopher of Hesse, was less lucky; as a major in the *Luftwaffe* he was killed fighting on the other side a few hundred miles away.

Meantime Philip became a full lieutenant at the age of twenty-one, and a year later, second in command

of the destroyer *Wallace* (one of those "tin cans" that saw more service than some of the battleships), he covered the Canadian landings on the island of Sicily. The following year, 1944, he was sent to Southeast Asia to serve under his uncle, who headed the combined operations in that area. There was also a trip to Australia, which Philip liked instantly, perhaps because the Australians did not readily take to calling him Prince. He made many friends on the democratic continent (later he chose one of its citizens to be his private secretary), and it was from Australia that he joined the destroyer *Whelp* for what, had fate been less merciful, would have been the final assault on the home island of Japan. As it was, he drank VJ toasts in Tokyo Bay and was present at the acceptance by General MacArthur of the final Japanese surrender. All this adds up to a record which makes his Navy medals mean more than numerous other decorations, British and foreign, that he has collected.

The war record of the British royal family (and of British aristocracy as a whole, for that matter) has made them respected by the mass of British people. This kind of respect is far more than royalism, social snobbery, or newspaper-fed popularity. It springs from a simple awareness that the so-called "privileged" classes do not, when the test comes, shirk. This does not justify, necessarily, the existence of the

privileges, but it has done much to make England socially far less embittered than most other countries in the world. In this acceptance of obligations the royal family has always been prompt — sometimes even to the point of bending over backwards.

During the period of heavy air raids, for instance, thousands of patriotic Londoners sent their families to safe parts of England, if they could arrange it — this made good sense and was encouraged by the authorities. Some of the royal residents of Buckingham Palace, with equal reason, could have left the city, but they did not do so. It was a symbolic act that demanded *more*, if anything, than their fair share of the common burden. They gave it willingly.

And there was no fooling about this. Bombs are no respecters of persons, or even of air-raid shelters, when the hit is direct. Buckingham Palace was struck twice. One of the attacks was by daylight and from a low altitude, which seems to indicate that the aim was deliberate. If so, nothing could have been more foolish, from the German point of view, than to prove so conclusively that the king and queen were subject to the same risks as other Londoners.

It was during the war years, when he came home on infrequent leaves, that Philip and Elizabeth developed their romantic interest in each other, an interest both heightened and frustrated by wartime conditions. Anyhow, Elizabeth was too young



*United Press Photo*

*Playing cricket, 1947*

(eighteen) and Philip's duties were too onerous to permit of any definite commitment. He would drop in at the palace for occasional tea parties and was a great hit there as elsewhere, with his mahogany tan and the tawny Vandyke beard which, for a time, was fashionable for young Navy men to sport. There were other men around, also on leave from the services. No doubt by this time the qualifications of several as possible future husbands of the princess were being canvassed in matchmaking circles; if Philip was being considered, it could only have been in severe competition. He was still technically a Greek subject, though in 1944 he renounced his Greek title and all rights he might conceivably have to the thrones of Greece and Denmark. The fact that he and Elizabeth seemed to be attracted to each other was, of course, the last thing to be considered by some people.

When the war ended, the pair found it possible to meet oftener. There were walks and talks at Sandringham and Windsor, small parties at Buckingham Palace and at the Mountbatten town house in Chester Street, or at Kensington Palace, where Philip's grandmother, the Marchioness of Milford Haven, could view the course of events with matriarchal pride. But the fifth freedom (freedom to meet the people you like, when you like, and how you like) does not apply to a princess and an ex-prince, even after a victorious war. Philip and Elizabeth could have none of the

ordinary fun of comfortably-off young people in London — theater twosomes, tête-à-tête dinners at the Dorchester, and those impeccably harmless West End night clubs which (unless you are very much in love) are so deadly dull. They did, however, get to see *Oklahoma*, though not together, and there were times when, by driving his M.G. convertible through the tradesmen's entrance, Philip could slip inside Buckingham Palace without every gossip writer in Fleet Street learning about it.

Presently, during the autumn of 1946, the romance blossomed; Philip was the guest of the king and queen at Balmoral Castle, that huge granite shrine in the Scottish highlands that somehow, more than anything else, memorializes the relationship of Queen Victoria and her Albert. There was perhaps a certain appropriateness in the fact that nearly a century later another royal couple were to find comfort and mutual understanding amidst the heather-covered hills. Anyhow, it was at Balmoral that Philip and Elizabeth reached their decision, to which the parents of the princess gave at least tacit assent.

Those persons (if any) who were naïve enough to think that everything after this would be plain sailing had clearly not studied history, politics, psychology, economics, and that curious field of effort which big firms nowadays call "public relations." Especially

this last — for world events, during the first half of this century, had made the institution of royalty just about the keystone of the British Empire public-relations system.

Put it any other way you like. For instance: "No country needs a monarchy so much as Great Britain, because the Crown is the unifying force throughout the Empire, and no one who is a friend of Britain will do anything to weaken the respect shown to the Monarchy." Of all people, it was Stalin who said that (Churchill quotes him), and for once Stalin was right. At any rate, the days are gone, as the abdication crisis showed, when an English monarch can afford to do just what he likes, even in what seems to be a purely personal matter. The reason being, of course, that in the lives of royalty there *are* no purely personal matters. The higher the pedestal the more it becomes a target for every kind of pot shot, from the big guns of bluenoses to the protests of the Hatters' Association when a king goes out bareheaded. "May it please Your Majesty" is still the ritual formula, but actually it is the monarch who has to breathe the unspoken prayer "May it please the people" every time and all the time.

Thus the engagement of the princess (who was now clearly in line to be queen) was not her own private concern, or even a family matter merely. It could conceivably affect the lives and happiness of



several hundred millions of people. For never in history had the "public-relations" function of royalty been faced with tougher and at the same time more delicate problems. After the ordeal of World War Two, the British Empire was weakened to a point where only a thread of sovereignty, symbolized by the monarchy, held its larger parts together. This thread might well break under too much strain, and what then?

So "high policy" reared its unromantic head, with the result that an announcement of the royal engagement was withheld. Indeed, when rumors of it got around and when the matter was already the talk of every club and pub, officialdom went to the length of denying it continually and emphatically.

Not that there had ever been anything against Philip personally. He had served well in the Navy, he was liked by those who knew him, and his good looks matched the princess's to make it easy to believe there was a genuine romance between them.

Unfortunately the whole issue could not have been raised at a less auspicious time. Greek troubles were again plaguing the political scene, and there were many who felt that intermarriage between Greek and English royalty would make matters worse. (The British citizenship that Philip had been seeking for a decade had still not come through.) There was also the Mountbatten influence, which at this time was

anathema to those who (quite unjustly) blamed Mountbatten for the loss of India. And there was also a Socialist government, some of whose supporters considered the whole king and queen business a costly and outmoded snobbism.

Add to all this a piece of sheer bad luck — nature on a specially anti-English rampage — rains and blizzards that closed factories, threw thousands out of work, and created shortages of food and fuel that brought the country almost to economic disaster at the beginning of 1947.

It was during that difficult winter that Philip played his own most difficult role, that of a perfectly honest man who has to figure out an answer to the riddle: When is an engagement not an engagement?

Even Hahn's training had not prepared him for anything like this. He sublimated some of his reactions by playing hard soccer, by beer drinking at the Methuen Arms (the pub near the naval station at Corsham, Wiltshire), and by a certain amount of reckless driving in his car. (He was lucky again — he never hit anybody.) Meanwhile the king and queen had taken the princess to South Africa, where she did a good job of saying the right thing (which was hard to say, then as now, in South Africa). She read of the English economic crisis in the papers and heard more of it in frequent letters from Philip, whose photograph she had on her dressing table.

In due course the sun shone again and the economic crisis lifted. Soon after the royal party returned home the wheels of officialdom moved to the extent of giving Philip his British citizenship. He was thus a legal Englishman named Mountbatten when his engagement to the princess (by this time stale news to everybody) was formally announced at 12:30 A.M. on July 10. Naturally the heavens did not fall. Nor were there bonfires in the streets. But most people probably felt that both he and the princess deserved the benefit of any doubts that existed. Their first public event together was tactfully and soberly chosen — a Battle of Britain remembrance service in Westminster Abbey. A few weeks later the Privy Council met



*Brown Brothers*

*Preparing to qualify for his R.A.F. wings*

to give formal consent according to the Royal Marriages Act of 1772, and Parliament began to discuss the ticklish question of the royal allowances.

Not exactly a carefree introduction to the status of a fiancé. It was a good time to remember Hahn's words: "Philip will need the exacting demands of a great service to do justice to himself." Well, he had done justice to himself in the Navy, and that was a great service. Could there be anything greater — and much more difficult?

Perhaps as a symbol of it, and of the sacrifice it might entail, he began to notice a few changes in the circumstances of his daily life. Hitherto he had been able to enjoy the delightful freedom of London's West End, where notabilities, titled and untitled, are so plentiful that nobody normally takes much notice of them. He had been able to stroll down St. James's Street, for instance, or along the Burlington Arcade; he could wander through Fortnum and Mason's with considerably less risk of being bothered than, say, a second-string movie starlet in the Beverly Hills Brown Derby. Suddenly all this was different. Small crowds gathered whenever he left his car to walk a few yards. Publicity had done its work; he knew he was being recognized everywhere by that wonderful but sometimes embarrassing fellow, the Man in the Street. So much so that there had to be another Man in the

Street, sent by Scotland Yard, to follow him at a discreet distance wherever he went.

He didn't like it, but what could he do? As the fiancé of a future queen, he was already a target for crackpots, not all of whom might be well-meaning. And what about the crowds who were not crackpots at all, but just average decent citizens whom he could have met on the friendliest terms as chance acquaintances in a pub, but whom now and henceforward he could never meet in such a way? What sort of thing was he letting himself in for? (He liked the casualness of ordinary life; one of his best friends was a New Zealander whom he met quite accidentally in a London bar.)

It would not have been too remarkable if, at this time when some English people still had their doubts about Philip, he himself shared them — doubts, that is, as to whether he could fill the bill. Risking his life on a destroyer in wartime was so much easier than accepting, *for the rest of his life*, the kind of showcase existence in which the cheers of multitudes and the shadowing of detectives would follow him everywhere.

It is hard to put oneself inside the thoughts of anyone faced with such a problem. One can only guess at the balancing of Philip's high-spirited temperament against his private affections and the train-

ing he had had. Did he ever wish that Elizabeth were *not* a princess? Did there come to him, at some moment of dream fantasy, the phrase "Mr. and Mrs. Mountbatten"? Probably not. For he was, after all, of royal blood himself, and it has often been demonstrated that when, for one reason or another, a prince wishes to travel incognito, he generally calls himself the Duke of Somewhere-or-other. Just as, during Lent, a man might give up his *third* Martini.



*Brown Brothers*

*Water skiing near Marmarice Beach in Turkey, 1951*

# PART III



*The Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Elizabeth, at  
their wedding in Westminster Abbey,  
November 20, 1947*



THE wedding was set for November 20, 1947. During the interval Philip learned (as if he hadn't known it before) how impossible it is to please everybody. Even a decision as to the kind of wedding it was to be presented problems. There were two schools of thought. Many perfectly loyal British citizens felt that in a country barely stumbling to its economic feet after nearly a decade of "austerity" it was wanton to spend needed cash on mere ceremonial. Others, equally loyal, thought that a bit of a beano was something the country had well and truly earned, and that the hope of better days to come might well be symbolized by putting on a show and taking a few gay costumes out of moth balls.

The whole issue was aired by letters in the papers, after the English fashion, so that Philip knew in advance that the decision would not be his own, and that whatever happened, some people would bring the charge of penny pinching, others that of extravagance.

Fortunately, as we can see now, the second risk was incurred. Except for the fact that November

is London's worst month for any public function, the whole affair was staged wisely and brilliantly. "Don't do it by halves" seems to have been the watchword, for on the eve of the ceremony Philip knelt before the king as an English commoner and a few seconds later rose as a Knight of the Garter, Duke of Edinburgh, Earl of Merioneth, and Baron Greenwich. He was also granted the courtesy of "H.R.H." — His Royal Highness. So that on the following day, hey presto, it was a high-ranking Anglo-Scottish-Welsh nobleman who was joined in matrimony to the heiress apparent. Everything else was in the same key. No fewer than five kings, eight queens, eight princes, and ten princesses (who would have thought there were so many left in the world?) took their places amidst the foggy splendor of Westminster Abbey to watch the exchange of nuptial vows. The new duke, fortified by a last-minute gin and tonic with his best man, went through the ceremony with no more than the average man's nervousness on such an important day of his life. Old bells rang anew; the plumes and breastplates of the Household Cavalry made their first postwar appearance; and Norman Hartnell had designed a fabulous wedding dress.

There were still mutterings that all this cost money, but the psychological "lift" of the affair provoked a ready reply: "Of course it does, but it's

money well spent; pageantry is part of the essence of royalty, and surely royalty on the cheap is a contradiction in terms." Not quite like Pierpont Morgan, who said that you couldn't afford a yacht if you ever had to ask yourself if you could, a majority of the British public were sure that whatever it cost, it was well worth it.

As a matter of sheer financial fact, since the question has often been raised, British royalty is not — except by the narrowest kind of bookkeeping — a too expensive luxury. To begin with, as a symbol of Empire unity it seems to be not a luxury at all, but a necessity. Yet even without reckoning such tremendous intangibles, it brings back a good deal of its cost in improved business, more tourists, the spread of London fashions, and so on. Moreover, by cutting out all the frills, the amount saved would be small compared with the huge budget of national expenditure, and even the most harassed British taxpayer might well take pleasure from *seeing* a little of what he pays for. "Millions will welcome this joyous event as a flash of color on the hard road we have to travel," Winston Churchill said. His words were apt, for British pageantry, when it dresses up in peacetime, is not only a flash of color, but has all the childlike make-believe of a toyshop window. No statistical balance sheet could do justice to the redcoats on sentry duty outside Buckingham Palace or to the

changing of the guard in Whitehall. You might as well try to size up Alice's Wonderland in hectares.

Anyhow, in the hindsight of history, it does look as if the wedding of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh marked a point from which the spirit and prosperity of postwar England began slowly to rise.

Just over four years elapsed between Philip's marriage and the death of George VI, which made Princess Elizabeth Queen of England.

They were, for Philip, the years between twenty-six and thirty-one — usually a sobering period in the life of any married man. For Philip also it was the period during which, for a time and for the first time, he acquired what could be called a home of his own, and could learn by trial and experience something of the later role he would be called upon to play.

That it is a role of immense difficulty must be conceded even by his enemies, if he has any (which is doubtful). To begin with, as Elizabeth's husband he was not, under the British Constitution, provided with any special rank. His titles, of course, gave him a seat in the House of Lords — which meant, if he were to follow the example of most members of that house, that he would never go near the place. There was also his career in the Navy, which he valued for its own sake and wished to continue.

However, in practice if not in theory, the marriage had made him a very important person in English public life. He was in line now for all the chores of laying foundation stones and "opening" this and that — jobs for which he had no great love, though his personality enabled him to do them rather well. And, of course, he must get used to doing without many of the basic privacies of a free citizen. He had a first taste of this during his honeymoon, when crowds lined up all night to watch the newlyweds attend Sunday-morning service in a village church. This, no doubt, attested Philip's growing popularity, but it was a hard way to have to discover it.

Later, as he grew more used to the situation, he took it in better stride. And there were other lessons to be learned. One: that he must never, *never* let himself appear irritated (once or twice he did, which only proved that he was human). Two: that there is occasionally bad staff work by those who plan public functions, and that in face of anything embarrassing, such as greeting the wrong person or being handed the wrong speech, he must "carry on" without getting annoyed or flustered. Three: that whatever adverse things are said or written, royalty can never answer back. When, for instance, Philip took Elizabeth to a Sunday race meeting near Paris, he could not reply to the criticism which came from a few circles at home. Nor could he say a word, one

way or another, when the House of Commons publicly debated the amount of money he and his wife were to be allowed.

Hard to take — this sort of thing — for a young man whose temperament was not of a natural-born rubber stamp.

Fortunately England does not particularly admire rubber stamps, and Philip's temperament — as revealed by things he did that he didn't have to do — was much more to the popular taste.

There was, to begin with, his genuine enthusiasm for the National Playing Field Association. His uncle, who was president, had introduced him to it, and in no time at all it became Philip's pet project, to be plugged on every possible occasion by speeches at meetings, buttonholing movie stars to give benefit performances, and so on. Nothing could have been more fitting for Philip, an athlete and sports lover himself, than to sponsor the cause of British children who wanted to play games in safer places than the street. Compare or contrast this with Prince Albert's enthusiasm, a century earlier, for the fine arts. Without cynicism we may admit that in England (a nation of fine artists, by the way) Philip's acknowledged tastes put him on firmer ground from the outset.

Not that he was a Philistine. Hahn's influence alone would have prevented that. They say that

George V, after attending a performance of *Hamlet*, declared he would rather abdicate than see another; and of Edward VIII, who did abdicate but on a somewhat different issue, it is recalled that he reached the age of forty before ever hearing of Charlotte Brontë. It is probable that Philip has heard of Charlotte Brontë, and that he has seen worse things (during the war, for instance) than even the worst *Hamlet* ever staged. In most of his tastes and attitudes he could be called an intelligent middlebrow.

Certainly he has a strain of practicality that gave and always will give him much in common with the average Englishman. For instance, at Clarence House (his London home) he had a clothes closet which automatically handed out any suit or uniform he wanted when he pressed a button. By this means he cut his changing time down to ninety seconds flat, head to heel — and what a saving this could be in the daily life of royalty, only royalty knows. For clothes themselves he had the outdoor man's indifference; he has lacked any ambition to set fashions and has persisted (despite protests from the hatters) in going about bareheaded. The Navy uniforms always suited him well, being smart enough to stand his own characteristic touch of jauntiness.

All this pleased and continues to please the English, whose idea of being well dressed is that you must not look as if you cared much whether you are



*Brown Brothers*

*The Royal Family at Clarence House, 1952*



or not. And of course the gadgetry of the automatic clothes closet was just what anyone would have if one could afford it.

As for hats, the English climate makes them rather a necessity, though the bowler, or derby, which is still correct for those who feel they must be, is surely the ugliest form of headgear ever conceived by misplaced human ingenuity. They say Philip never wears one, but carries the detestable object in his hand on the rare occasions that fate puts him to the ordeal.

He got his own way about staying in the Navy, and as a married lieutenant became eligible for a raise from twenty-seven to forty-two dollars a week. This, in view of the fact that fitting up Clarence House had cost two hundred thousand dollars, must have amused him. He worked for a time at the Admiralty and later at Greenwich, for as 1948 progressed, there was a particular reason for him to stay in or near London. It was on November 14 of that year that the princess gave birth to a boy, who was christened Charles Philip Arthur George — the first son in the direct line of succession to the British throne since the Duke of Windsor was born sixty years ago.

Meanwhile the king was failing in health and the country was still struggling, at last with some success, out of its postwar difficulties.

Philip followed his own bent again in 1949, when

he was assigned to overseas duty at Malta. The princess visited him there whenever she could, and they fished, swam, and lazed with more freedom and far more sunshine than were to be had in England. But duty came first for both, permitting them only a few months together out of two years. Then in 1950 Philip was given his first command—that of H.M.S. *Magpie*, an antiaircraft frigate. He made a good captain, and his six fellow officers found him pleasant to work under. But there were still problems that arose from his highly anomalous position. Ashore, for example, he took technical precedence over the Commander in Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet, which was probably why his participation in a few gay parties was adversely commented on by those who liked to call the *Magpie* “Edinburgh’s private yacht.” Once again, he was finding how hard it was to please everybody. If he had avoided all the gay parties, he would probably have been accused of being stuffy and aloof.

After a year of captaincy he faced the plain facts of the situation—that a normal naval career was not in the cards for him, and that though he might and probably would wear an admiral’s uniform some day, any further promotion as an active officer was out of the question.

So he gave up his command, bade his men on the *Magpie* a warm good-by, and came home. One of

the men said of him afterwards, "He made us work like dogs, but he treated us like gentlemen." Not a bad testimonial.

In the meantime a second child, Anne, had been born; and in the meantime also the health of the king had been causing increasing anxiety.

After a summer spent with his family at Clarence House (now at long last free from ladders and painters' dropcloths) Philip had to face one of those tests which the nature and location of the British Commonwealth impose nowadays on royalty. It was planned for him to accompany his wife on a comprehensive tour of Canada. Speeches, banquets, receptions, sight-seeing — all were to be packed into six weeks, culminating in a lightning trip to meet President Truman in Washington.

There was no doubt from the outset that Philip could help his wife enormously in this sort of thing. He had developed a knack of extempore public speaking — and even more important, a likable personality that put audiences promptly at their ease. Official occasions are so often a bore, even to officials, that deep gratitude is evoked by those who can lighten the burden by a smile or a gag or even by an off-the-cuff indiscretion. Philip often earned this gratitude.

Altogether the trip to Canada was a success. Eliza-

beth addressed the French Canadians in French, and the royal pair stood under Niagara Falls, drove by sleigh in the Laurentian Mountains, met cowboys in Calgary, and presented the renovated White House with an eighteenth-century mirror. They even found a little fun. On one occasion Philip chased his wife along the train corridor wearing a set of comic false teeth. He enjoyed practical jokes all the more now that the chances for them came less often.

In fact the only drawback to the entire six weeks was an overloaded schedule that left them both utterly exhausted by the end of the trip.

Back then to London for a few weeks at home before the next one, which would take in Australia and New Zealand.

It was really *too* much. And there was nowadays not even the relief of the long sea voyage which, in earlier times, had given royal visitors a chance to relax and limber up for the ordeal. Today the airplane could cover the whole journey in hours instead of days and (if the weather were rough) became itself part of the ordeal.

One concession was scheduled: a side trip to see the African big-game country. Elizabeth and Philip spent a night in the famous treetop lodge in Kenya Colony (recently burned down in Mau Mau disturbances) and watched a herd of fifty elephants gather at a water hole. There was no shooting — except

with a camera. It was a thrill that even for royalty could remain simple and fascinating, but such a happy interlude was to be short-lived. The next day telegrams arrived from London of a kind that made Philip, like any other husband, intercept them, preferring to break the news in a few quiet words of his own.

King George VI had died, and Elizabeth was a queen.

The King, her father, had seen them off at London Airport only a few days before; it had not been realized then that he was so ill. He had been brave and reticent to the last, and he had died (as perhaps no English monarch had for centuries) *alone*. He had gone to bed early one night, and in the morning a servant bringing him a cup of tea had found him dead.

There was nothing for the travelers to do but return at once. They spent a few hours writing messages of courtesy and cancellation, then flew back to arrive in London on the evening of February 7, 1952. From that moment another stage in Philip's life began.

He was not, of course, a king. He was not even a prince consort. But as the affectionate husband of a young wife on whom grief and an unexampled responsibility had fallen simultaneously, he knew he

had the private function of counselor and helpmeet, as well as all the public functions he could take over.

The death of an English monarch calls up a vast and complicated procedure, some of it unchanged since the Middle Ages. At St. James's Palace the Garter King of Arms, standing with the Earl Marshal, six heralds, and six pursuivants, unfurled a parchment to announce that "the High and Mighty Princess Elizabeth Alexandra Mary is now become Queen Elizabeth the Second, by the Grace of God." Which meant, in effect, that immediately the new queen was to be overwhelmed with official business. Not even bereavement could spare her.

And at the funeral there walked a sad and lonely figure, a prince charming suddenly grown old, the Duke of Windsor. He too had made history. He had found the "king business" intolerable except on his own terms, and those terms not being met, he had pulled out. Could one blame him for it? But had it made him happy — or happier? Perhaps such questions recalled to Philip's memory a saying of Kurt Hahn's: "Success in the sphere of one's weakness is often a source of as great a satisfaction as triumph in the sphere of one's talents."

Between the February accession and the coronation came an interval of sixteen months during which Philip had more ropes to learn — some of them very



*The Royal Family on the balcony of Buckingham Palace, after the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II, June 2, 1953*

knotty indeed. He also had to learn them at Buckingham Palace, not at Clarence House, for the former was fixed by tradition as the home of the reigning monarch. Perhaps nothing could have impressed on him more clinchingly the fact that he was a husband married to a more important partner. As Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands has remarked feelingly (his own situation being much the same), "To succeed as both a husband and a subject, I believe you need a tightrope walker's sense of balance — and an understanding wife."

Philip had the latter, but had he yet acquired the former?

Time would show.

In the meantime he could study the problem — somewhat hampered, doubtless, by the fact that the British Constitution is not a written document and that ingenious double talkers have often been able to interpret it in ways which — to say the least — are confusing.

For instance, in the marriage ceremony Elizabeth had promised “to love, cherish, and obey” him. This was interpreted to mean that she would obey him as a wife but would rule him as a queen. A puzzlement?

Even his presence at her side in the coronation coach was by her “command” (not even “wish” or “invitation”).

There was also the curious situation that when he was with her, he took precedence over all other men present, whereas without her he was a mere duke — and the juniorest duke of all the twenty-seven in the British peerage. (The queen has since somewhat eased this by a decree declaring that he may ‘take precedence on all occasions except where otherwise provided by Act of Parliament.’)

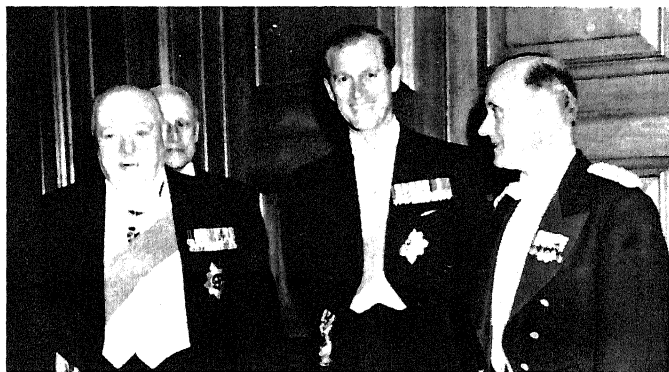
Of course a great many of these things are mere legalities, but at least one of them affected him as it doubtless would most men. He wanted his son Charles to take his own family name of Mountbatten. When he broached the matter, he was told that this



could not be done; for constitutional reasons the heir apparent must be of the house of Windsor, like his mother. Another puzzlement? At least it couldn't be due to any parvenu quality about the name Mountbatten, for the name Windsor was no older — having likewise been changed from the German during World War One.

Perhaps the spirit in which he accepted defeat on this issue was expressed in a remark he made to his valet when the latter wanted to give up his job because he found the formalities of Buckingham Palace too irksome. Philip told the man, "It affects us all, this new life, and we should at least give it a fair trial."

Philip was giving it more than that. He was giving it, in Hahn's phrase, the best that was in him.



*United Press Photo*

*With Sir Winston Churchill and General Alfred  
Gruenther, 1954*

In the meantime there were a few things he could do along the channels of his own type of practicality. Buckingham Palace itself, for instance, occupied some of his attention.

Albert a century before had grappled with the vast octopus of waste and vested interests that had fastened around the royal household during earlier times; it was one of those matters in which, by being right and by being persistent, Albert had made himself unpopular. Since his time the octopus had somewhat revived — with the added factor that whereas in 1850 England could afford it, in 1950 she could not. To come down to figures, Buckingham Palace had a staff of over two hundred servants, most of whom spent their time serving each other.

No wonder that the royal allowances (over a million dollars a year to the queen and a hundred-odd thousand to Philip) were swallowed up so fast and with nothing to spare . . . except as ammunition to the Communists, who were always talking as if the royal family had this huge sum of money in their pockets for personal spending.

(One of the curious things about royalty is that they never *do* have money in their pockets — they can't even give a tip without sending it through an equerry.)

Philip would probably have been happiest of all in a small country house, since his tastes were rela-

tively simple; but at least he would have settled for the modernized Clarence House that contained so much that he had personally chosen and designed.

However, this was another of the impossibilities; and the task of modernizing Buckingham Palace defied contemplation. One might as well try to air-condition the Grand Canyon.

He contented himself with a few simple and quite sensible economies — such as an intercom system to take the place of scurrying pageboys.

This must have been specially pleasing to a former Navy captain.

It also pleased the youth who still loved gadgets.

Then there was *protocol* . . . a word for something that those of us who are lucky enough can live our whole lives without having to worry about.

Protocol surrounds royalty, and probably must. Mercifully it isn't what is used to be. A hundred years ago protocol would not allow one of Queen Victoria's ministers to sit down in her presence even when the man was obviously ill; and she was considered very gracious when she told him how sorry she was that she couldn't give him permission.

Today things aren't as bad as that. But when Philip accompanies the queen on an official tour of some building, he is still supposed to walk two paces behind her!



*United Press Photo*

*The Royal Family vacationing at Balmoral Castle,  
Scotland, 1955*

And of course there are the innumerable rules that govern his own official behavior — to do this, not to do that, to remember to mention this, and so on. They say he writes his own speeches — perhaps he does, some of them, or at least changes enough to make them sound his own. Most are provided for him, let us hope, for during a single week he has been known to have fifteen of them to deliver over a travel range of many hundreds of miles.

Sometimes arrangements go wrong, as when bad weather upset a duty flight to Scotland. Philip's valet

found him on a railway platform carrying brief case and umbrella and waiting for a train. "Someone seems to have mucked things up," he remarked calmly. "I doubt whether we shall get sleeping berths."

They got them, but Philip was experienced enough in the way of administrative snafu to have been uncertain.

What fortifies him in his job is that he enjoys a good deal of it, despite mishaps and protocol alike. Sports, to begin with. Since the queen and her husband must attend practically every big sporting function, it is lucky that they both would generally choose to do so. The queen's favorite sport is racing; Philip prefers polo and cricket. The one sport that doesn't appeal to him particularly is shooting.

Philip is lucky too in that he has a good physique and, especially, a good digestion. Though no gourmet, he enjoys his meals, even at public dinners. (And like most healthy men of his age, he has to watch his weight and does so.)

He likes people and meeting people, which takes the curse off a great deal of the work that falls to him. He has something of the bonhomie that made the Duke of Windsor popular when he was Prince of Wales, though Philip is less social in the strictly "society" sense.

He has a good political knack, based on a shrewder

and more realistic awareness of what the mid-twentieth-century world is like than most men of royal birth have the chance to acquire. He isn't a "heavy" thinker, but in a country like England, where political wisdom is often unbookish, a genial approach to serious problems is no handicap.

He enjoys the theater and movies, but doesn't care much for grand opera, though he has to go on gala occasions. He probably feels a temptation to laugh in the wrong places. He likes to laugh. The Hitler salute, the English derby hat, a set of *false* teeth, the Wagnerian soprano hitting the high note . . . well, *aren't* they funny?

Most important of all is his genuine and sometimes excited interest in much that he is taken to see up and down the country — factories, docks, machines, new buildings, and so on. He often sticks around asking questions long after his hosts have expected him to go. He is ready with his own ideas — naïve or thoughtful, but his own. Occasionally he can be brash. When a rather prosy scientist was conducting him over the National Physical Laboratory near London and was lecturing at some length, Philip broke in: "That's all right, but you still haven't found out what makes the bath water gurgle when I pull the plug out."

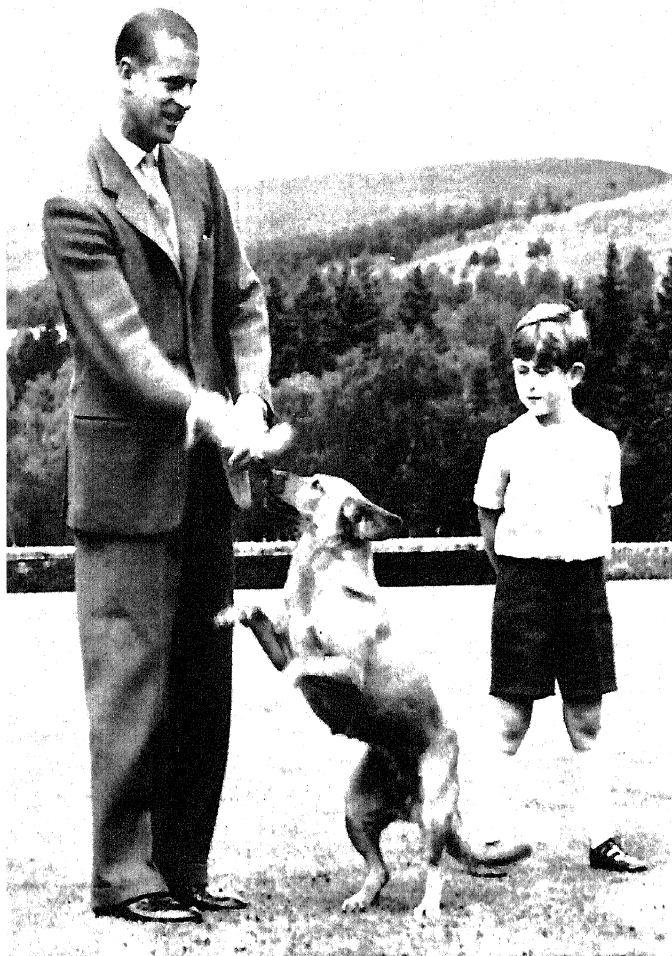
(Which shows, if nothing else, the kind of plumbing they have at Buckingham Palace.)

The coronation came (too recently to need recalling); by movie and television it was seen by countless millions all over the world, including millions outside the British family who had not expected to be impressed or moved. But many of them were. There was a deep gravity in the ceremony, and in the utter self-dedication of the girl-queen, that touched the heart and nourished the spirit.

It was not, of course, Philip's show, but it somehow included him in the genuine emotions it distilled. He must have known by then that he was beginning to win the affection of the English people — that casual, genial, long-lasting affection that can't be bought, begged, or counterfeited.

The English are a strange race. They never really liked Victoria's Prince Albert, who killed himself working for them, and whose wisdom and enlightenment seem to emerge more and more clearly in the perspective of history. Perhaps Albert was too serious-minded to appeal. If so, there are those who might say that Philip is not serious-minded enough not to appeal.

But it is safer to be like that, in England. Some of Philip's ideas have certainly been none the worse for their liveliness. For instance, there was a shortage of trained horses for the coronation processions, and at this crisis in the affairs of empire it was Philip who thought of enlisting the help of the brewers



*United Press Photo*

*Father and son, with Philip's corgi, "Candy," at  
Balmoral, 1955*





abroad (notably to the east) and then hanging on to something that has been their own for a thousand years.

Philip, though British for only a few years, already seems part of British luck, which, like British optimism, doesn't have to be too logical. Born into a troubled world, he has faced its problems without shrinking or shirking; he has known exile and homelessness; he has always had to look round to see if the chair is still there. (It still is, in England.) Groomed for his job by experience and by the development of his own character under the guidance of a great



*United Press Photo*

*Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh with  
the American singer Eddie Fisher, 1955*

schoolmaster, he has done well so far — very well indeed.

Kurt Hahn, now old and retired, thus described the kind of boy his school aimed to create:

He will have a trained heart and a trained nervous system which will stand him in good stead in fever, exposure, and shock; he will have acquired spring and powers of acceleration; he will have built up stamina and know how to tap his hidden resources. He may enjoy the well-being which goes with a willing body. He will have trained his tenacity and patience, his initiative and forethought, his power of observation, and his power of care. He will have developed steadfastness and he will be able to say "No" to the whim of the moment. He will have stimulated and nourished healthy interests until they become lively and deep, and perhaps develop into a passion. He will have discovered his strength.

Surely a blueprint fit for a king . . . for the husband of a queen . . . and for everyman.









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